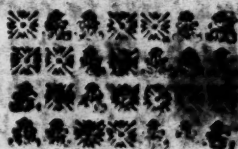


THE
FLYTING
BETWIXT
POLWART
AND
MONTGOMERY

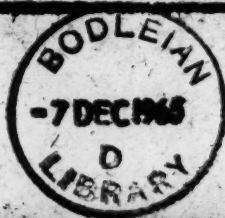
Newly Corrected and amended.



Printed in the Year 1688.

TO THE
READER

NO cankering Envy, Malice nor despite,
Stirr'd up these Men so eagerly to flye.
But generous Emulation: So in Playes
Best Actors flye and rail, and thousand ways
Delight the itching Ears. So wanton Currs
Wakt with the gingling of a Courteours spurrs,
Bark all the Nieht and never seek to bite.
Such bravery these Verses moved to write.
Would all that now do flye would flye like these
And laws were made that none durst flie in prose,
How calme were then the world; perhaps this law
Might make some madding wives to stand in awe,
And not in filthy prose out-roar their Men.
But read these Roundelazes to them till then,
Flyting no reason bath, and at this time
Here it not stands by reason, but by rime;
Anger t'assuage, make Melancholy lesse,
This flyting first was wrote, now tholes the Press
Who will not rest content with this Epistle,
Let them sit down and flye or stand and whistle.



MONTGOMERY

T O

POLWART

P*POLWART* ye peip like a Mouse among thorns,
 No cunning ye keep, *Polwart* ye peip,
 Ye look like a sheep and ye had twa horns,
Polwart ye peip like a Mouse among thorns,

Beware what thou speaks, little foul earth Tade,
 With thy Cannigate breiks bewar what thou speaks,
 Or there shal be war chieks for the last thou made,
 Bewar what thou speaks, thou little foul earth Tade,

Foul mismade myting, born in the Merse,
 By word and by writting, foul mismade myting
 Leave off thy flyting, come kiss my Eise,
 Foul mismade myting, born in the Merse.

And we mell thou shalt yell, little custron Cuist,
 Thou shalt tell, e'n thy sel, and we mel, thou shalt yell,
 Thy smell was fell, and stronger than must,
 And we mell thou shalt yell little custron Cuist.

A 2

Thou

4

Polwart to Montgomerie,

Thou art doeand and dridland like an foul beast,
 Fykandand fidland, thou art doeand and dridland,
 Strydand and stridland, like Roben red-breast,
 Thou art doeand and dridland, like an foul beast.

Polwarts Reply to Montgomery.

DEspiteful spider poor of sprite
 Begins with Babbling me to blame,
 Gowk wyte me not to gar thee griet,
 Thy trattling, Trukier, I shall tame,
 When thou believes to win a Name,
 Thou shalt be banisht of all bield,
 And syne receite baith skaith and shame,
 And sae beforc'd to leave the field.

Thy ragged Roundels, Raveand Royte,
 Some short, some lang, some out of lyne,
 With scabrons colours, fulsome floyt,
 Proceedand from a Pynt of Wine,
 Which haults for fault of feet like mine,
 Yet fool thou thought no shame to write 'm
 At mens commands that laiks Engine,
 Which doited Dyvours gart thee dite them.

But gowked Goose, I am right glade,
 Thou art begun in write to flyte,
 Sen Lown thy Language I have laid,

An

Polwart to Montgomery,

And put thee to thy pen to write :
Now dog I shall thee see despise,
With pricking put thee to sick speid,
And cause thee (*Curr*) that warkloom quite,
Syne seek a hole to hide thy head.

Yell Knave acknowledge thy offence,
Or I grow crabbed, and so clair thee,
Ask Mercy, make Obedience,
In time for fear least I forfair thee :
Ill sprite I will na langer spaire thee ;
Blaid bleck thee, to bring in a gyse
And to drie pennaunce soon prepare thee,
Syne pass furth as I shall devyse.

First fair threed bair with founderd seit,
Recanting thy unseemly Sawes
In Pilgrimage to Aller, eit,
Syne be content to quite the cause,
And in thy Teeth bring me the Tawes,
With becks my Bidding to abide,
Whether thou wilt let belt thy bawes,
Or kiss all cloffs that stands beside.

And of thir twa take thou the chose,
For thy awin profit I procure thee,
Or with a prick into thy Nose,

Montgomery to Polwart,

To stand content I shall conjure thee.
 But at this time think I forbair thee.
 Because I cannot treat thee fairer,
 Sir, thou this charge I will assure thee,
 The second shall be something fairer.

Montgomery to Polwart,

FAlse feckless foulmart, lo here a defiance,
 Ga sey thy science, do droigh what thou dow
 Trot Tyke to a tow, Mandrake but myance,
 We will heer cydance, peild Polwart of thy po
 Many yeald Yew thou hast cald over a Know,
 Syne hid'em in a how, stark thief when thou staw 'em
 Menswearing thou saw them, and made but a mow
 Syne fyld in a row when the man came that aw then

Thy dittay was death, thou dare not deny it,
 Thy trumpery was tried, thy fallst they fand,
 But reave the band, *Cor mundum* thou cryed,
 Condemn'd to be die'd and hang up fra hand:
 While thou paid a pand in a stowre thou did stand
 With a willie wand thy skin was well scourged,
 Syne feintzedly forge how thou left the land,
 Now Sirs I demand how this Pod can be purged.

Yet wantshapen shitt thou shupe such a tanzie,
 As proud as you prunzie your pens shall be plucked

Can

Montgomery to Polwart.

Come kiss where I cukied and change me that canzie
Your gryzes grunzie is graceless and gowked,
Your mouth must be mucked while ye be instructed,
Foul flirdome, wansucked, tersel of a Tade,
Thy meter mismade hath lousily lucked,
I grant thou conducted thy terms in a Slaide

Little angry Attercap, and auld unsel Ape,
Ye grein for to gape upon the grey meir,
Play with thy pair, or I'll pull thee like a pair,
Go ride in a rape for this noble new year,
I promise thee here to thy chafts ill chear,
Except thou go leir to lick at the louder,
With po angars powder thy self oversmeir,
The Castle ye weir well seiled on your shoulder,

This rwise sealed Trumper with his trattling trows
Making vain vows, to march him with me,
With the print of a key well burnt on thy brows,
Now God shall be witnesse, wheresfra came ye.
For all your bomboill ye'r warde a little we:
I think for to see thee hing by the heels
For termes that thou steils of old poetrie,
Now who should trow thee that's past baith the seils,

Proud poysoned pyk thank, perverse and perjured
I dow not indure it to be bitten with a duik,

It's

Polwart to Montgomerie,

I's fell thee like a duik flatlings on the fluir. •
 Thy scrows obscure are borrowd fra some buik.
 Fra *Lindsay* thou tuik, thou't *Chancers* Cuik,
 Ay lying like a Ruik, if men would not skar thee,
 But beast I debar thee the Kings Chimny nuik,
 Thou flees for a look, but I shall ride nar thee.

Falle stridand strickdirt I's gar thee stink,
 How durst thou mint with thy Master to mell,
 One sik as thy self, little pratling pick.
 Could thou not ware ink thy tratling to tell.
 Hoie hureson o hell amang the fiends fell
 To drink of that well that poisond thy pen
 Where devils in their den do Yamwer and yell.
 Here I thee expell from all Christen men.

Polwart to Montgomerie

BLierd babling bystour, baird obey
 Learn skybald knave to know thy fell
 Vile vagabound, or I invey
 Custroun wi th cusses thee to compell,
 Yet, tratling truker, truth to tell
 group thou not at the second charge,
 Mischievous Mishant, we shall mell
 With laidly language loud and large.
 Where Loun as thou loves thy life,
 Ibaith command and counsel thee,

Polwart to Montgomery. 9

For to eschew this strutsome strife,
And with thy manly Master gree,
To this effect, I Summon thee
By Publike proclamation,
Gowke to compear upon thy knee
And kisse my foul foundation.
But Lord I laugh see thee bluite,
Glori in thy ragments, rash to rail,
With maighy manked mangled meiter.
Tratland, and tumbland, top ov'er tail,
As Carlings compts their fatts doyl'd snail,
Thy rousy ratrymes made but mater
I could well follow, wald I sail,

Or preasse to fish within thy water.
Only because, Owle, thou dois use it,
I will write verse of common kind,
And Swingeour for thy sake refuse it
To crabe thee humbler by thy mind,
Pedlar, I pity thee a pin'd,
To buckel him that beares the bell,
Lackstio be better anes engyn'd,

Or I shall flyte against my sell,
But briefly beist to answer thee
In sermon short. I am content,
And sayes thy similitudes unsly

B

Are

Are na wayes very pertinent,
 Thy^r tyr'd comparilons a sklent
 Are inonstrous like the Mule that made them
 Thy borrowed borrowings violent

Yet were they worse let men out war them,
 Also I may be *Chancers* man,
 And yet thy master not the lesser
 But wolfe that wastes on Cup and Kan,
 In Gluttony thy grace I guesse;
 Ga drunken dyvour thee address,
 And borrow thee embassid breiks,
 To her me now thy praise expresse,

Knave if thou can without wat cheiks
 First of thy just Genealogie
 Tyke I shall tell thee ruth I trow,
 Thou was begotten some sayes me,
 Betwixt the devil and a dun Kow,
 One night that when the fiend was fow
 At banquet bridland at the beir,
 Thou sowked syne a tweit brod sow,

Amang the middings many a year,
 On ruites and runches in the field
 with nolt thou nourish'd was a year,
 whill that thou past baith poor and peild

Polwart to Montgomerie, 33

into Argyle some lair to leir,
As the last night did well appeir,
When thou stood sidging at the fire,
Fast fykand with thy Henland chear,

My flyting force'd the sa to flyte.
into the Land where thou was born
read of nought but it was skant,
Of Cattel, Clething, and of Corn
where wealth and well fair baith doth want
Now Tade-face take this for no tapt,
I hear your housing it right fair,
where howling howlets ay doth hant,
with Robin red-breest but repair,

The Lords and Lairds within that Land
I knaw are men of mekil rent,
And living as I understand,
Whill in an Innes we be content
To leive and let their house in lent :
In lentron month and the lang sommer
Where twelve Knights kitchens bath a vent
Quhilke for to furnish dois them cumer.

For store of lambsand lang tail'd wedders
Then knowes where many couples gaes

For

For stealing tyed fast in redders
 In fellon flocks of anes and twaes
 Abrod athort your banks and braes
 Ye do abound in Coal and Calk,
 And hink as fools to fley all faes
 With Targe ts tullies and toom talk.

Alas poor hood pykes, hungerbitten
 Accustom'd with scurrility,
 Rydand like boy stures all beshirtèn.
 In fields without fertility
 Bare baræen, with sterility,
 For fault of cattle corn and gerse,
 Your banquets of most nobility
 Dear of the Dog brawer in the merse.

Witleffe vanter, were thou wife
 Custroun, thou would *Cor mundum* cry.
 Ov'r laden lown, with lang tail'd lyce.
 Thy dox tit dytings soon deny,
 Trouker or I thy trumpery try
 And make a legend of thy life.
 For flyt I anes folk will cry fy
 Then thou'lt be war'd with every wife.

Polwart's

Polwarts medicin to Montgomery
being sick,

Mr Swingeor seeing I want wares

And salves to make thee of thy fares,

his present from the pothecares

Me think meet to amend thee,

First for thy fever feed in folly,

With fasting stomach take ayld-oly

Mixt with amouthful of melancholy

From flyame for to defend thee,

Thyne passe a space and smell a flowre

Thy inward parts to purge and scowre:

Take thee three bites of ane black howre

And Ruecarb bache and bitter,

his is duly done but ainy din

Up thyne six lops but something thin

Of the Devil scald thy guts within

To heal thee of thy skitter,

Into thy bed thyne make the bown,

Take ane sweet Syrop worth a Crown

And drink it with the devil ga down

To recreat thy sprite.

Montgomery to Polwart,

And last of all, Craig in a cord,
Send for a powder and pay for'd,
Called the Vengeance of the Lord,
For thy mug mouth most meet.

If this preserve thee not frae pain,
Pass to the 'pothecaries again,
Some Recepies does yet remain
To heal bruick, byle or blister,

As *Diadregma* when ye dine,
Or *Diaboticon* wat in Wine,
With powder I draist fellow fine,
And mair yet when ye misther.

Montgomeryes Answer to Polwart.

Vlle venemous viper, wanthriftest of things,
Half an Elf, half ane Aip, of nature deny it,
Thou flait with a Country the quhilk was the King,
But that bargan, unbeast, dear shall thou buy it,
The cuff is well wared that twa hame brings,
This Proverb foul pelt to thee is apply it,
First spyder of spite, thou spews out springs
Yet wantflapen vowbet of the weirds invytit,
I can tell thee how, when, where, and what gat the
The quhilk was neither man nor wife
Nor human creature on life,

Thou

Montgomery to Palwart.

Thou stinkand stittr up of strife,
False howlet have at thee.

In the hinder end of harvest on All hallow even,
When our good neighbours does ride, if I read right,
Some buckled on a buneward and some on a beeh,
Ay trotland in troups from the twilight.
Some saidled a shee ape, all grathed into green,
Some hobland on a hemp stalk, hovand to the night,
The king of pharie and his court with the Elf queen,
With many Elfish incubus was ridand that Night,
There an Elf on an Ape an Unsel begat.

Into a pot by pomathorne
That bratchart in a busse was born
They fand a monster on the morn,
War faced nor a Cat.

The weird sisters wandring, as they were wont then,
Saw Ravens rugand at that Ratton by a Ron ruin,
They mused at the Mandrake unmade like a man,
A beast bund with a buneward in an auld buie,
How that gaist had been gotten to guels they began,
Vell swill'd in a swins skin, and smeird o're with sule,
The belly that it first baie full bitterly they ban,
Of this mismade moidewart mischief they mutt,
The crooked camchoch croyl unchristen they curse,
They bad that baich should not be but

The

The glengore, gravel and the gut,
 And all the plagues that first were put
 Into Pandora's Purse.

The cooh, and the connoch, the collick, and the colic
 The cords, and the cour-evil, the clasp and the cleik
 The hunger, the harrill, and the hoist still the hald
 The botch, and the barbles, with the cannigate breick
 With *bock blood* & benshaw speven spring in the spal
 The fersie, the falling evil, that fells many freiks,
 Overgane all with Angleberries as thou grows ald
 The kinkhoist, the charbacle, and worms in the chick
 The snuffe and the snoit, the chaud peccer and the canke

With the blaidis and the belly thraw,
 The bleiring bats and the bearnshaw,
 With the mischief of the melt and maw

The clape and the canker, with the blaw
 The frencie the fluxes, the feyk and the felle,
 The fevers, the searcie, with the speinzie flies,
 The doir, and the dismal, indifferlie delt,
 The powlings the palsey, with pocks like peas,
 The swerf, and the swetting with sounding to swell
 The weam ill, the wild fire, the vomit and the veds,
 The mair and the migrame, with meaths in the mel
 The warbles, and the wood-worm whereof dog die
 The teasick, the tooth-aik, the titts and the titles.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

The painful poplesie, and pest,
The rot, the roup, and the auld rest,
With parlesse and plurisies opprest,
And nip'd with the nirls.

No worth qd. the *weirds* the wights that the wroght
Shreed bair be their thrift as thou art wanthrevin:
Is hard be their handsel that helps the to ought,
The rotten rim of thy womb with rooks shall be reivin
All bounds where thou bides to bail shall be brought,
Thy Gal and thy Guisern to Gleds shall be given
Thy short be thy solace, with shame be thou sought,
In hell mo't thou hant thee and hide thee fra heaven,
And as thou auld growes so eikand be thy anger,

To leave with limmers and out lawes,
With hurcheons eatand hips and hawes,
But when thou comes where the Cock crawes,

Tarry there na langer.

Shame and sorrow on her snout that suffers the to suck
Or she that cares for thy cradil could be her cast
Or brings any bedding for thy blae bowke
Or louses of thy lingals sa lang as they may last
Or offers the any thing all the lang owke, (last
Or first refresbeth the with food, howbeit thou sould
Or when thy duds are *bedirten* that gives them a *donk*
All grooms when thou greits at thy ganting be agast.
Als froward be thy fortune as foule is thy form.

First seven years be thou dumb and deif

And after that a common thief

Thus art thou marked for mischief,

Foul unworthy worm.

Outrow'd be thy tongue, yet tratling all times.
 Ay the longer that thou lives thy luck be the lesse
 All countries where thou comes accuse thee of crimes
 And false thy fingers but leath to confess,
 All raving and raging in rude rattrymes
 All ill be thou use and ay in excesse,
 Ilk Moon be thou mad frae past be the primes
 Stil plagued with poverty thy pride to oppresse,
 With warwolves and wild cats thy weird be towander
 Dragleit through dirty dubs and dykes,
 Tossed and tuggled with town Tykes,
 Say lousie lyar what thou lykes,
 Thy tongue it is na sclander.

Fra the sisters had seen the shape of that shit,
 Little luck be thy lot there where thou lyes,
 Thy sumard face quoth the first to flyt shal be fit.
 Nicneven quoth the next shal nourish thee twyse,
 To ride post to elphine nane abler nor it,
 To drive dogs but to drite the third can devise,
 All thy days shalt thou be of a bodie but a bit,
 Als faith is this Sentence as sharp is thy Sile,
 Syne duely they deemed what death it should die:
 The first said surely of a shot,
 The second of a running knot,
 The third be throwing of the throat
 Like a Tyke out owre a Tree.

when all the weird sisters had thus voted in one voice
 The deid of the dablet, then syne they withdrew,
 To let it ly all alane, they thought it little Loss

In a den be a dyke or the day dew.

Then a clear Companie came soon after clos
Nicneven with her Nymphs, in number anew
 With charms from Caitness and Chanrie in Ross,
 Whose cunning consists in casting a clew,
 They seeing this farie thing, said to themselves
 This thistleless thing is meet for us,
 And for our craft commodious,
 An ugly ape and Incubus
 Gotten with an Elf.

Thir venerable Virgins, whom the world call witches
 In the the time of their Triumph, turr'd me the Tade
 Some backward raid on brodsows, & some *blackbitches*
 Some in stead of a Staig over a stark Monk straid,
 Fra the how the hight some hobbles, some hatches;
 with their mouths to the Moon, *murgeons* they made.
 Some be force in effect the four winds fetches,
 And ninetimes withershins about the throne raid,
 Some glowring to the ground, some grievousslie gaips
 Be craft conjure and fiends perforce
 Furth of a Catine beside a Cross.
 This Ladies lighted from their Horse
 And band them with raips.

Syne bare foot and bare legged to baptize that bairn
 Till a water they went be a wood side,
 They fand the shit all beshtitten in his awn shearn,
 On three-headed *Hecatus* to hear them they cry'd,
 Aswe have found in the field this fundling forsairen,
 First his Father he forsakes in thee to confyde,
 Be vertue of thir words and th is law yaird,

And while this thrise thretty knots on this bluethree

And of thir Mens members well sowed to a shoo

Which we have tane from top to tae

Even of a hundred Men and mae,

Now grant us Goddesse or we gae

Our dueties to doe.

Be the hight of the heavens, be the howness of hel

Bethe winds and the weirds, and the Charlewair

Be the horns, the hand staff, and the Kings Ell,

Be thunder, be fireflaughts, be drouth and be rain,

Be the Poles and the Planters, and the signs all twel

Be mirkness of the Moon, let mirkness remain,

Be the Elements all that our craft can compell,

Be the fiends infernal, and the furies in pain,

Gar all the Gaists of the dead that dwells there down

In *Lethe* and *Styx* that stinkand Strand,

And *Pluto* that your Court commands,

Receive this Howlat off our hands,

In name of *Mahown*.

That this worm in our work some wonders may wrik

And through the poison of this pouder partiks prevail

To cut off our cumber fra coming to the Kirk,

For the half of our help and has it in their hail,

Let never this undought of ill doing irk,

But ay blyth to begin all barret and bail,

Of all bleis let it be als bair as the birk

That tittest the Taidrel may tell an ill tail,

Let no vice in this world in this wanthrif be wanted

Be they had said the fireflaughts flew,

Baith thunder, rain, and winds blew

Montgomery to Polwart.

21

Where be their comming commers knew
Their asking was granted.

When that the dames devoutly had done the devore
In heaving this hurcheon, they hasted them hame,
Of that matter to make remained no more.

Saving next how that Nuns that worlin should name,
They know'd all the kytral the face of it before,
And nib'd it sae doon near, to see it was a shame,
They call'd it peild Powart they puld it so sore.

where we clip, qd the commers, there needs na kame,
For we have height to Mahown for handsel this hair,

They made it like a scraped swyne,
And as they cow'd they made it whryne,
It shaw'd the sell ay one sensyne

The beard was sa baire.

Fra the kummers that crab had with *pluto* contracted

They promiseit as Parents syne for their awn pairt,

A mover of mischief and they might for to make it,

As an imp of all ill most apt for their art,

N.eneven as Nourish, to teach it, gart take it

To sail sure in a seif but compass or Cart.

& milk of a hair tedder, though wives suld be wrackt,

And a Kow give a chopin was wont to give a quart,

Many babes and bairns shall blest thy bair bairns,

When they have neither Milk nor Meil,

Compell'd for Hunger for to steil.

Then shall they give thee to the deil

Able oftner nor anes.

Be an after midnight their Office was ended,

At that Tyde was nae time for troumpours to tarry,

Syne backward on Horseback bravely they bended
 That cam-nosed cocatrice they quite with them car
 To *Kait* of *Creif* in a creil soon they gar send it
 Where seven year it sat baith singed and fairie
 The kin of it be the cry incontinent Kend it,

Syne fetcht food for to feed it forth from the phari
 Ilk elf of them all brought an Almonds house oyst

Indeed it was a dainty dish

A foul flegmatick a foul some fish,

Instead of sauce on it they pish,

Sick food feed sik a foster.

Syne fra the fathers side finely had fed it,

Many monks and marmasites came with the mothe

Black both fall the breist and the belly that bred it. v

Ay offered they that undought frae one to another

where that smatched had soked, sa fair it was to shed

But believe it began to buckle the Brother,

In the bark of a bourtrees whilom they bed it.

All talking with their tongues the an to the other

With flirring and flyring their physnoms they slip

Some looked lyce in the crown of it keeks,

Some chops the kids into their cheeks,

Some in their oxster hard it cleiks

Like an auld bag-pipe.

with mudycons and murgeons and moving the bras

They lay it, they lift it, they louse it, they lace it, r

They grap it, they grip it, it greets and they gran

They bed it, they baw it, they bind it, they brace

It skitred and skarted, they skirl'd ilk ane,

All the Kye in the Country they skared and chal

ed that roaring they wood ran and routed in a reane,
ar the wild deer frae their den has displaced,
t the cry was so ugly of Elfs, Apes and Owles,
That Geese and gairling cryes and craks,
In dubs douks down with Duiks and draiks,
All beatts for fear the fields forsakes,
And the Town Tykes yowls.
ick a mirthless Musick their minstrels did make,
While Ky cast caprels behind with their heels,
Little rent to their tyme the Town let them take,
But ay tammeist red wood, and ravel'd in their reels
hen the cummers that ye Ken came all macklack,
he o conjure that coidyoch with clews in their creels,
t. whil all the bunds them about grew blaikned & black
er for the din of thir daiblers rais'd all the deils,
ed o concur in the cause they were come sa far,
For they their god-bairn gifts would give,
To teach the Child to steal and rive,
And ay the langer that it live
The world should be the warr.

Polwart's third Flyting against Montgomery,
Nternal traward feaming Furies fell
Curst, cankred, craded (*Coltho*) help to quell
ra on *Caribald*, yon cative execrable,
t, provide my pen profoundly to distel
an ome dure despite to daunt yon devil of hel
ce and drive with dool to death detestable
ale This made malicious monster miserable

An tyke tormented trotting out of toone
 Then runs red wood at ilk mids of the Moon
 Renew your roaring rage and eager ire,
 Inflam'd with feartull thundring' mids of fire,
 To plague this poysoned pykthank, pestilent
 With flying fire flaghts burning bright & fire
 Devore yon devilish dragon, I desire,
 And waste his wearied venom violent,
 Conjure this beastly begger impotent,
 Suppress all power of this evil sprit,
 That bids and barks in him as block as jeit,
 But reekie Rocks and Ravens or ye rive him
 Desist delay his death while I describe him
 Sine ripely to his raving rude reply,
 To dreadful dolour dearly or ye drie him
 Through *Pluteo* power, pleasure to deprive him,
 The Lown may lick his Vomit, and deny
 His shameless sawse like Satan slavish smy,
 whose maners with his mismade members *heir*
 Doth corespond, as plainly doth apear
 His peiled palat and unpleasant pow,
 They fulsome flocks of flies doit overflow
 With wames & wounds all *blakned* ful of *blaine*
 Out over the neck athort his nitty now,
 Ilk louse lyes linkand like a large lintbow
 That hurts his *barness* & *peirce* them to his pains
 While wit and vertue vanish'd fra the vains
 With scars and scors athort his frozen front
 In rankels run within the stews, all burnt.

His lugs baith lang and leare who cannot lack
 That to the Tron hath tane lo many a tack,
 With *blasted bowels*, bowden with *bruised blud*
 And hapning haire blown witherluns a back,
 Foot foundred beafts, for fault of food *shew*
 Hes not their hair lo inod as other good,
 The bleard buck and boistrous to conclude,
 His right trim teeth somewhat in a thraw
 Antopped turd right teughly tor to taw.
 With laidly lips and lyming side turned out,
 His nose well lit in *Bacchus* blood about,
 His stinking end, corrupted as men wel knaws.
 Contagions cankers carves his sneaking snout
 His shoven shuders shaves the marks no doubt
 Or teugh tail theres tyres and other rawes
 And girds of galeys growand now in gaws.
 Swa all his fulsome from thereto effeirs,
 The which for filth I will nor file your ears.

The second part of Polwarts third plying.

But of his conditions to carp for a while,
 & compt you his qualities, compass with
 Appardon me poets to alter my stile *and my cair*,
 And wille my Verse for tyling the aires *istill*
 Returning directly again to *Argile* *my stile*
 where last that I left him baith *bairle & bair*,
 Where rightly I reckoned his race *very vile*
 Descending of *Devals* as I declare.

But which of the gods will guide me aright

Abhorring for abominable

So doolful and detestable

So knavish cankred execrable

And wearied a wight.

In *Argile* among the gairs he gaid within glens,
 Ay there using Offices of a bruit beast,
 whil bleſſels was banisht for handling of hens
 Syne forward to *Flanders* fast fled or he ceast:
 From poor anes pultrie he plucked be the pens
 Delighting in thift, the heart of his breast,
 And courage enclin'd to Knav'ry men kens,
 To pestilent purpose plainly he preast :

But trulie to tell all the truth that unto you

In nowise was he wise

He used both Carts and Dice,

And fled no Kind of Vice,

Or few as I trow.

He was a false chismatick nottoriouslie named
 Both whordome and homicide unſel he used,
 with al the seven sins the smatched was sham'd
 Pride, ire and envy, this undought abused,
 For greedy coverousness bitterly blamed,
 For baudrie and bordeling luckless he loved:
 Trift, trines & drunknes, the dyvor defam'd,
 False teinzeir, with flyting and flatterie infused
 Maist sinful and sensual, shame to rehearse,

Whose seckless foolishness

And beastly brukleness

Can no man as I guess

Well put it into verse,

A warloch, and a warwolf, a vowbet but hair

A Devil, a Dragon, a dead Dromedarie,

A

A counterfit custron, that cracks does not cair
A clavering cohooby that craks of the pharie,
whose favorless phisnome doth duely declare
His vices & viciouness, although I wold vary
Arcandam's astrologie, a latern of lair,
Affirms his bleaidness to wisdom contrarie,
Betakning baith babling and baldness of age,
Great fraud and soul deceit,
Capped with quit conceit,
Witnesse some verse he wrate
Half dead in a rage.

His anagame also concerning that case,
Says surelie its a sign of a lecherous lown,
His paleness next partlie with brown i'th' face,
Arcandam ascribes to babling ay bown,
And tratling intemperate, timeles but place,
A coward yet cholrick & drunk in each Town
And als his als ears they sing in short space,
The fantick fool shall grow mad like *Mahom*,
But yet shal he live long, which alas wer a loss
For such a tried traitour,
A babling blasphemator
Was never formed of Nature
So gooked a goose.

Whose Origine noble the Note of his Name,
Cal'd Etymologie bears rightlie record,
His surname doth flow from a terms of defame
From *Mont & Gomerah* where deils be th' Lord,
His Kinsmen were clearly cast out to his shair,
That this their clan whom Christ hath abhor'd

And bears of the birth place their horrible name
 where Sodamite siners with stinking were found

Now sen all is with that is said of my

Unto that capped Clark

And pretty peice of wark

That bitterly doth bark

I may this reply.

Polwarts last tlyting against Montgomerie

Villain vain, & war then I've tald thee
 Thy withered wame is damnifide & drie
 Beshitten by stout, baldly I forbade thee,
 To mel with me, or else thou shuld dear buy
 The speach but purpose, porter is espied,
 That writs of *witches, warlocks, wraths & wraiths*
 But investives against him well detyed, *(he)*
RobStein thou raves, forgetting whom thou maist
 Leave bogles, brownies, gyre carlings & gais
 Dastard thou daffs that with such devilry mel
 Thy reasons favours of reek, and nothing else
 Then sentences of suit sa sweetly smels, *(em)*
 Thou sat so near the chimney nuik that made
 Fast by the ingle, amang the oyster shels,
 Dreid and my danger durst not wel debar *'em*
 Thy tratling truiker, wald gar Tades spew
 And earl cats weep vinegar with their eie,
 Thou said I borrowed blad's that is not true,
 The contrary false smarched shall be seen,
 I never had of that making ye mein
 A verse in writ, in print, or yet perqueir,
 whilk I can proye, & cleane me wonder cleir,

Though single words no writer can forbear!
 To prove my speeches probable and plain.
 Thou must confess thou used my invention,
 reckoned first thy race, syne thou again
 in that same sort made of thy master mention,
 Thy wit is weak with me to have dissention;
 For to my speech thou never made reply
 At libertie to lie is thy intention,
 he answer ay which thou cannot deny, (ne;
 Thy friends are fiends, of apes thou seinzies mi
 With my assistance saying all thou can,
 I count such kindred better yet nor thine
 without which thou might have barked waist
 I laid the ground whereon thou best began
 To big the brig whereof thou drags mainst.
 Thy lack of judgment may be als perceived,
 Thir twa chiet points of reason wants in thee,
 Thou attributs to Aips, where thou has reaved
 The ils of horse, a monstrous sight to see,
 Na marvel though ill won, ill wared be,
 For all these ils thou staw, I am right certain,
 From Semple's ditements of a horse did die,
 Of Porterfield that dwelt into Dumbarton,
 Among the ils of aips that thou hast tauld,
 Though to a horse pertaining properlie,
 Thou puts the spaven in the forder spauld,
 That useth in the hinder hogh to be,
 Fra horsemen anes thy cunning hear and see
 Fear auld Allane get na mair ado.
 Was poor man he may ly down and die,

Sine thou'succeed to wear the silver shoe.
 Farder thou flees with other fowls wings,
 O'reclade with clearer colours than thy awn,
 But specialy with some of *Semples* things,
 Or of a plucked Goose thou had been knawn
 Or like a Cran, in manting soon ov'rthrown,
 That must take ay nine steps before she flee.
 So in the gout thou might have stand&blown
 As long as thou lay gravel'd like to die.
 I speak not of thy vicious divisions,
 where thou pronounces & yet propons but part
 Incumbred with sa manie tryed confusions,
 quhilk shaws thy rime but Rhetoric or art,
 Thy memorie is short beshrew thy heart,
 Telling one thing over twice or thrice at ones
 And cannot from a proper place depart.
 Except I were to frig thee with whin stanes,
 The things I said if that thou would deny,
 Meaning to wry the verity with wiles,
 Lick where I laid and pickle of that pye,
 Thy knavery credence frae the quite exiles,
 Thy feckless follie all the air defiles,
 I find sa many faults ilk an over another,
 First I must tell thee all thy statelie stiles,
 And syne bequeath thee to thy birken brother.
 Fond fliter, shitt shiter, bacon byter, all defil'd
 Blunt bleitar, paddock pricker, puding eater per
 Hen plucker, Closet mucker, house cocker very
 Tany chiks, thou speaks with thy breiks, foul er
 Wood tike, hood pike, ay like to live in lack,

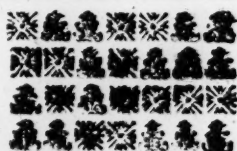
Polwart to Montgomery

lower the pine, scabbed skin, eat in that thou
Gum gade, bald stade, foul fac'd, why flate thou
tel You, fil tow, thou dow not defend thee.
QuhaKend thy end false fiend, phantastick mule,
Thief smy thy wald crie, fy fy to gar end thee.
Sweir sow, doild Kow, ay sow, foul sa thy banes,
Very wild, defild, ay wood ilk month anes,
Tary rade, thop's defeat, now debate, if thou dow,
Huch padle, lick lade, shite sadle, do thy best.
Creishie souter, shoe clouter, minch mouter dare thou
Ragge railer, sheepstealer, double dealer, thou's be dress
Folle prief, lean thief, mischief sal thy lips.
Bleird baird, thy reward is prepar'd for thy hips,
Erse flaiter, glyd glaser, room raiser for relief,
Lunatic, frenatic, schismatic, swingeour sob,
Furd fac'd, ay chas'd, almaist fyl'd for a thief,
Fusslie Kire, and thou flyte, I'll drite in thy gob,
Quit now, wild sow, soon bow or I wand thee,
Hal ruik with thy buik, leave the nuik, I comand thee,
Land/owper, light skowper, ragged rowper like a raven,
Hallandshaker, draught raiser, banock baker al beskiten,
Craig in peril, room barel, quit the quarel or beshaven,
Gud ratler, common tratler, poor pratler, out flitten,
Gel spark, scabbed clark, an thou bark, I shal belt thee
Scad scald, overbaid, soon fald, or melt thee,
Lousie lugs, leap jugs, room the mugs on the midden,
Tanny flank, red shank, pikethank, I must pay thee
Stew bleck, widdie neck, come and beek at my becken,
Falls lown make thee bown. *Make me mon have thee*
Witer, scurlie without, and witer. nane sower

[illegible]

THE
FLYTING
BETWIXT
POLWART
AND
MONTGOMERY

Newly Corrected and amended.



Printed in the Year 1688.

TO THE
READER

NO cankering Envy, Malice nor despite,
Stirr'd up these Men so eagerly to flyte.
But generous Emulation: So in Playes
Best Actors flyte and rail, and thousand ways
Delight the itching Ears. So wanton Currs
Wart with the gingling of a Courteours sparrs,
Bark all the Night and never seek to bite.
Such bravery these Verses moved to write.
Would all that now do flyte would flyte like those
And laws were made that none durst flite in prose.
How calme were then the world; perhaps this law
Might make some madding wives to stand in awe,
And not in filthy prose out-roar their Men.
But read these Roundelazes to them till then.
Flyting no reason hath, and at this time.
Here it not stands by reason, but by rime;
Anger t'assuage, make Melancholy lesse,
This flyting first was wrote, now tholes the Press
Who will not rest content with this Epistle,
Let them sit down and flyte or stand and whistle.

3
MONTGOMERY

T.O

POLWART

POLWART ye peip like a Mouse among thorns,
No cunning ye keep, Polwart ye peip,
Ye look like a sheep and ye had rwa horns,
Polwart ye peip like a Mouse among thorns,

Beware what thou speaks, little foul earth Tade,
With thy Cannigate breiks bewar what thou speaks,
Or there shal be wat chieks for the last thou made,
Bewar what thou speaks, thou little foul earth Tade,

Foul mismade myting, born in the Merse,
By word and by writting, foul mismade myting
Leave off thy flyting, come kifs my Eise,
Foul mismade myting, born in the Merse.

And we mell thou shalt yell, little custron Cuist,
Thou shalt tell, e'n thy sel, and we mel, thou shalt yell,
Thy smell was fell, and stronger than muist,
And we mell thou shalt yell little custron Cuist,

A 2

Thou

Polwart to Montgomerie,

Thou art doeand and dridland like an foul beast,
 Fykandand fidland, thou art doeand and dridland,
 Strydand and stridland, like Roben red-breast,
 Thou art doeand and dridland, like an foul beast.

Polwarts Reply to Montgomery.

DEspitetal spider poor of sprite
 Begins with Babbling me to blame,
 Gowk wyte me not to gar thee griet,
 Thy trattling, Trukier, I shall tame,
 When thou believes to win a Name,
 Thou shalt be banisht of all bield,
 And syne receite baith skaith and shame,
 And sae beforc'd to leave the field.

Thy ragged Roundels, Raveand Royte,
 Some short, some lang, some out of lyne,
 With scabrons colours, fulsome floyt,
 Proceedand from a Pynt of VVine,
 Which haults for fault of feet like mine,
 Yet fool thou thought no shame to write 'in
 At mens commands that laiks Engine,
 Which doited Dyvours gart thee dite them.

But gowked Goose, I am right glade,
 Thou art begun in write to flyte,
 Sen Lown thy Language I have laid,

And

ft, and put thee to thy pen to write :
d, Now dog I shall thee sae despite,
ft, With pricking put thee to sick speid,
And cause thee (Cur) that warkloom quite,
Synne seek a hole to hide thy head.

Well Knave acknowledge thy offence,
Or I grow crabbed, and so clair thee,
Ask Mercy, make Obedience,
In time for fear least I forfair thee :
All sprite I will na langer spaire thee
Blaid bleck thee, to bring in a gyse
And to drie pennaunce soon prepare thee,
Synne pass furth as I shall devyse.

First fair threed hair with founderd seit,
Recanting thy unseemly Sawes
In Pilgrimage to Aller, eit,
Synne be content to quite the cause,
And in thy Teeth bring me the Tawes,
With becks my Bidding to abide,
Whether thou wilt let belt thy bawes,
Or kiss all cloffs that stands beside.

And of thir twa take thou the chose,
For thy awin profit I procure thee,
Or with a prick into thy Nose,

To

To stand content I shall conjure thee.
 But at this time think I forbair thee.
 Because I cannot treat thee fairer,
 Sir, thou this charge I will assure thee,
 The second shall be something fairer.

Montgomery to Polwart.

FAlse feckless foulmart, lo here a defiance,
 Ga sey thy science, do droigh what thou dow
 Trot Tyke to a tow, Mandrake but myance,
 We will heer tydance, peild Polwart of thy pow,
 Many yeald Yew thou hast cald over a Know,
 Syne hid'em in a how, stark thief when thou staw'em
 Menswearing thou saw them, and made but a mow,
 Syne fyld in a row when the man came that aw them

Thy dittay was death, thou dare not deny it,
 Thy trumpery was tried, thy falliet they fand,
 But reave the band, *Cor mundum* thou cryed,
 Condemn'd to be die'd and hang up fra hand:
 While thou paid a pand in a stowre thou did stand,
 With a willie wand thy skin was well scourged,
 Syne feinzedly forge how thou left the land,
 Now Sirs I demand how this Pod can be purged.

Yet wanshapen shit thou shupe such a sunzie,
 As proud as you prunzie your pens shall be plucked,

Come

Montgomery to Polwart.

5

Come kiss where I cuckied and change me that canzie
Your gryzes grunzie is graceless and gowked,
Your mouth must be mucked while ye be instructed,
Foul flirdome, wansucked, tersel of a Tade,
Thy meter mismade hath lousily lucked,
I grant thou conducted thy terms in a Slaide.

Little angry Attercap, and auld unsel Ape,
Yeg ein for to gape upon the grey meir,
Play with thy peir, or I'll pull thee like a parp,
Go ride in a rape for this noble new year,
I promise thee here to thy chaste ill chear,
Except thou go leir to lick at the louder,
With po' angars powder thy self oversmeir,
The Castle ye weir well seiled on your shoulder,

This twise sealed Trumper with his trattling trows
Making vain vows, to match him with me,
With the print of a key well burnt on thy brows,
Now God shall be witnesse, wherefra came ye.
For all your bombill ye'r wardea little we:
think for to see thee hing by the heels
for termes that thou steils of old poetrie,
Now who should trow thee that's past baith the seils,

Proud poysoned pyk thank, perverse and perjured
dow not indure it to be bitten with a daik,

I's

Polwart to Montgomerie,

I's fell thee like a duik flatlings on the fluir.
 Thy scrows obscure are borrowd fra some buik.
Fra Lindsay thou tuik, thou't *Chancers* Cuik,
 Ay lying like a Ruik, if men would not skar thee;
 But beast I debar thee the Kings Chimny nuik,
 Thou flees for a look, but I shall ride nar thee.

Falle stridand stickdirt I's gar thee stink,
 How durst thou mint with thy Master to mell,
 One sik as thy self, little pratling pick.
 Could thou not ware ink thy trating to tell.
 Hoie hureson o hell amang the fiends fell
 To drink of that well that poisonsd thy pen
 Where devils in their den do Yamwer and yell
 Here I thee expell from all Christen men.

Polwart to Montgomerie

BLierd babling bystour, baird obey
 Learn skybald knave to know thy fell
 Vile vagabound, or I invey
 Custroun wi th cuffes thee to compell,
 Yet, trating truker, truth to tell
 Stoup thou not at the second charge,
 Mischievous Mishant, we shall mell
 With laidly language loud and large.
 Where Loun as thou loves thy life,
 Ibaith command and counsel thee,

For to eschew this sturtosome strife,
 And with thy manly Master gree,
 To this effect, I Summond thee
 By Publike proclamation,
 Gowke to conpear upon thy knee
 And kisse my foul oundation.
 But Lord I laugh see thee bluiet;
 Glori in thy ragments, rash to rail
 With maightry manked mangled meiter.
 Tratland, and tumbland top ov'er rail,
 As Carlings compts their farts doyl'd snail,
 Thy rousty ratrymes made but mater
 I could well follow, wald I sail

Or preasse to fish within thy water.
 Only because. Owle, thou dois use it,
 I will write verse of common kind,
 And Swingeour for thy sake refuse it
 To crabe thee humbler by thy mind,
 Pedlar, I pity thee a pin'd,
 To buckel him that beares the bell.
 Iackstio be better anes engyn'd,

Or I shall flyte against my sell.
 But briefly beist to answer thee
 In sermon short. I am content,
 And sayes thy similitudes unfly

Are na waves ver pertinent,
 Thy tyr'd comparisons a sklent
 Are monstrous like the Mule that made them
 Thy borrowed bakings violent

Yet were they worse let men out war them,
 Also I may be *Chancers* man,
 And yet thy master not the lesse:
 But woe that wastes on Cup and Kan,
 In Glut ony thy grace I guffe;
 Ga drunken dy your thee address,
 And borrow thee embassied breite.
 To her me now thy praise expresse,

Knave if thou can without wat cheiks
 First of thy just Genealogie
 Tyke I shall tell thee truth I trow,
 Thou wast begotten some sayes me,
 Betwixt the devil and a dun Kow,
 One night that when the fiend was fow
 At banquet bridland at the beir,
 Thou sowked syne a sweit brod sow,

Amang the middings many a year,
 On ruites and runches in the field
 with nolt thou nourish'd was a year,
 whill that thou past baith poor and peild

to Argyle some lair to leir,
the last night did well appeir,
when thou stood fidging at the fire,
with thy kand with thy Heiland chear,

My flyting forte'd the sea to flyte.
to the Land where thou was born
real of nought but it was skant,
Of Cattell, Cleaving, and of Corn
where wealch and well fair bath doth want
Now Take face take this for no tant,
hear your housing is right fair,
where now ring howlets ay doth hant,
with Robin red breist our repair,

The Lords and Lairds within that Land
I knaw are men of mekil rent,
And living as I understand,
Wall in an Innes we be content
To leive and let their house in lent:
In lentron mon h and the lang tommor
Where twelve Knights kitchens bath a vent
Quhilke for to turnish dois them cumer.

For store of lam' sand lang tail'd wedders
Thou knowes where many couples gaes

. For

For stealing tved fast in tedders
 In tellon flocks of anes and twaes
 Abrod athort your banks and braes
 Ye do abound in Coal and Calk,
 And hink as fools to fley all tacs
 With Targe ts tullies and toom talk.

Alas poor hood pykes, hungerbitten
 Accustom'd with scurrility,
 Rydand like boy stures all beshitten,
 In fields without fertility :
 Bare baraeen, with sterility,
 For fault of cattel corn and gerse,
 Your banquers of most nobility
 Dear of the Dog brawen in the merse:

Witleffe vanter, were thou wise
 Custroun, thou would *Cor mundum* cry.
 Ov'r laiden lown, with lang tail'd lyce.
 Thy doytit dytings soon deny,
 Trouker or I thy trumpery try
 And make a legend of thy life.
 For flyt I anes folk will cry fy
 Then thou'lt be war'd with every wife.

Polwarts

*Polwarts medicin to Montgomery
being sicke,*

Mr Swingeor seeing I want wares
And salves to flake thee of thy saires,
This present from the pothecares
Me think meet to amend thee,

First for thy fever feed in folly,
with fasting stomach take ovid-oly
Mixt with a mouth ul of melancholy
From flyame for to defend thee,

Syne passe a space and smell a flowre
Thy inward parts to purge and scowre:
Take thee three bites of ane black howre
And Rue darb bache and bitter.

This is duly done but ainy din
Sup syne six tops but something thin
Of the Devil scald thy guts within
To heal thee of thy skitter.

Unto thy bed syne make the bown,
Take ane sweet Syrop worth a Crown
And drink it with the devil ga down
To recreat thy sprite.

And

And last of all. Craig in a cord,
 Send for a powder and pay for'd,
 Called the Vengeance of the Lord,
 For thy mug mouth most meet.

If this preserve thee not frae pain,
 Pass to the po' hecaies again,
 Some Recepies does yet remain
 To heal bruick, byle or blister.

As *Diadrama* when ye dine,
 Or *Diabolicon* wat in Wine,
 With powder I drait f'llom fine,
 And maire yet when ye mister.

Montmerie's Answer to Polwart.

Vile venomous viper, wan bristest of things,
 Half an Elt, half an Aip, of nature deny it,
 Thou flait with a Country the quhilk was the Kings
 But that bargan, unbest, dear shall thou buy it,
 The cuff is well wared that twa hame brings,
 This Proverb foul pelt to thee is apply it,
 First spyder of spite, thou spews out springs
 Yet want hapen vowhet of the weirds invytit,
 I can tell thee how, when, where, and what gat thee.
 The quhilk was neither man nor wife
 Nor human creature on life,

Thou

The vfrink and stirrer up of strife,
Falle howlet have at thee.

In the hinder end of harvest on All hallow even,
When our go'd neighbours does ride, if I read right,
Some bucked on a buneward and some on a been,
Ay trotting in troupes from the twilight.
Some saddle'd a thee ape, all grathed into green,
Some hobland on a hemp stalk, hoving to the hight,
The king of pharie and his court with the Elf queen,
With many Elfish incubus was riding that Night,
There an Elf on an Ape an Unfel begat.

Into a pot by pome-horne
That bratchart in a busse was born
They fand a monster on the morn,
War faced nor a Cat.

The weird sisters wandring, as they were wont then,
Saw Ravens rugand at that Ratron by a Ron ruit,
They muled at the Mandrake unmade like a man,
A beast bund with a buneward in an auld buit,
How that gaist had been gotten to gues they began,
Well swill'd in a swins skin and smeird o're with suit,
The belly that it first bair full bitterly they ban,
Of this mismade moidewart mischief they muit,
The crooked cam'schoch croyl unchristen they curse,
They bad that baich should not be but

The

The glengore, gravel and the gut,
And all the plagues that first were put
Into Pandora's Purse.

The coch, and the connoch, the collick, and the cold
The cords, and the cour-evil, the clasp and the cleiks
The hunger, the hartull, and the hoist still the hald
The bot h, and the barbles with the cannigate breicks
With *bock blood* & *benshaw* speven sprung in the *spale*
The terte, the falling evil that teils many freiks,
Over and all with Angle erries as thou grows ald,
The kinkhoist, the charbucle, and worms in the chicks
The muffle and the snout, the chaudpeece and the canker
With the blads and the beliv thraw,
The leiring bats and the beanshaw,
With the mischief of the melt and maw
The clape and the canker.

The frenchie the fluxes, the feyk, and the felse,
The fevers, the tearcie, with the sp. inzie flies,
The doir, and the dismal indifferentlie delt,
The powlings the palsey, with pocks like pees,
The swerf, and the sweating with sounding to swelt,
The weamill, the wild fire, the vomit and the vees,
The mair and the migraine, with meaths in the melt
The warbles, and the wood worm whereof dog dies
The teafick, the tooth-aik, the titts and the tittles.

The

The painful popleſſe, and peſt,
The rot, the roup, and the auld reſt,
With parleſſe and plurifies oppreſt,
And nip'd with the nirls.

No worth (qd. the *weirds*) the wights that the wroght
Threed bair be their thrift as thou art wantrevin:
Als hard be their handiel that helps the to ought,
The rotten rim of thy womb with rooks ſhall be reivn
All bounds where thou bides to bail ſhal be brought,
Thy Gal and thy Guiffern to Gleds ſhall be given
Ay ſhort be thy ſolace, with ſhame be thou ſought,
In hell mot thou hant thee and hide thee fra heaven,
And as thou auld growes ſo eik and be thy anger,
To leave with limmers and out lawes,
With hurch ons eatand hips and hawes,
But when thou comes where the Cock crawes,
Tarry there na langer.

Shame and ſorrow on her ſnout that ſuffers the to ſuck
Or ſhe that cares for thy cradil could be her caſt
Or brings any bedding for thy blae bowke
Or lou'es of thy lingals ſa lang as they may laſt
Or offers the any thing all the lang owke, (faſt
Or firſt reſreſheth the with food, howbeit thou ſould
Or when thy duds are *bedirten* that gives them a *donk*
All grooms when thou greits at thy ganting be agait
Als froward be thy fortune as foule is thy form.

Fiſt ſeven years be thou dumb and deiſt
And after that a common thief
Thus art thou marked for miſchief,
Foul unworthy worm.

Outrow'd be thy tongue, yet tratling all times,
 Ay he longer that thou lives thy luck be the lesse
 All countries where thou comes accuse thee of crimes
 And false be thy fingers but leath to confess,
 All raving and raging in rude rattrymes
 All ill be thou use and ay in excessie,
 Ilk Moon be thou mad fraepast be the primes
 Stil plagued with poverty thy pride to oppresse,
 With warwolfes and wild cats thy weird be commander
 Dragleit through dirty dubs and dykes,
 Tossed and tuggled with town Tykes,
 Say lousie lyar what thou lykes,
 Thy tongue it is na sclander.

Fra the sisters had seen the shape of that shit,
 Little luck be thy lot there where thou lyes,
 Thy tumard face quoth the first to flyt shal be fit,
 Nicneven quoth the next shal nourish thee twyse,
 To ride post to elphine nane abler nor it,
 To drive dogs but to drite the third can devise,
 All thy days shalt thou be of a bodie but a bit,
 Als faith is this Sentence as sharp is thy Sile,
 Syne duely they deemed what death it should die:
 The first said surely of a shot,
 The second of a running knot,
 The third be throwing of the throat
 Like a Tyke out owre a Tree.

when all the weird sisters had thus voted in one voice
 The deid of the dablet, then syne they withdrew,
 To let it ly all alane, they thought it little Loss

In a den be a dyke or the day dew.

Then a clear Companie came soon after clos
Nieueen with her Nymphs, in number anew
 With charms from Caitness and Charrie in Ross,
 Whose cunning consists in casting a clew,
 They seeing this farie thing, said to themselves
 This thrifflie thing is meet for us,
 And for our craft commodious,
 An ugly ape and Incubus
 Gotten with an Elf

Thir venerable Virgins, whom the world call witches
 In the the time of their Triumph, turr'd me the Tade
 Some backward raid on brodsows & some *blackbirches*
 Some in stead of a Staig over a stark Monk straid,
 Fra the how the hight some hobbles, some hatches;
 with their mouths to the Moon, murgeons they made.
 Some be force in effect the four winds fetches,
 And ninetines withershins about the throne raid,
 Some glowering to the ground, some grievousslie gaips
 Be craft conjure and fiends perforce
 Furth of a Carine beside a Cross.
 This Ladies lighted from their Horse
 And band them with raips.

Syne bare foot and bare legged to baptize that bairn
 Till a water they went be a wood side,
 They fand the shir all beshitten in his awn shearn,
 On three headed *Hecatus* to hear them they cry'd,
 Aswe have found in the field this fundling forsairen,
 First his Father he forsakes in thee to confyde,
 Be vertue of thir words and th is raw yearn,

And while this thrife thretty knots on this bluerheed

And of thir Mens members well sowed to a shooc

Which we have tane from top to tae

Even of a hundred Men and mae,

Now grant us Goddese or we gae

Our dueries to doe.

Be the hight of the heavens, be the howness of hell,

Be the winds and the weirds, and the Charlewain,

Be the horns, the hand staff, and the Kings Ell,

Be thunder, be fireflaughts, be drouth and be rain,

Be the Poles and the Planters, and the signs all twell,

Be mirkness of the Moon, let mirkness remain,

Be the Elements all that our craft can compell,

Be the fiends infernal, and the turies in pain,

Gar all the Gaists of the dead that dwells there down

In *Lethe* and *Styx* that stink and Strand,

And *Pluto* that your Court commands,

Receive this Howlat off our hands,

In name of *Makorn*.

That this worm in our work some wonders may wirk,

And through the poison of this pouder partiks prevail

To cut off our cumber fra coming to the Kirk,

For the half of our help and has it in their hail,

Let never this undought of ill doing irk,

But ay blyth to begin all barret and bail,

Of all bless let it be als bair as the birk

That tittest the Taidrel may tell an ill tail,

Let no vice in this world in this wanthrift be wanted

Be they had said the fireflaughts flew,

Baith thunder, rain, and winds blew

Where be their comming commers knew
Their asking was granted.

When that the dames devoutly had done the devore
In heaving this hurcheon, they hasted them hame,
Of that matter to make remained no more.

Saving next how that Nuns that worlin should name,
They know'd all the kytral the face of it before,
And nib'd it sae doon near, to see it was a shame,
They call'd it peild *Powart* they puld it so fore.

where we clip, qd the commers, there needs na kame,
For we have height to *Makown* for handsel this hair,

They made it like a scraped swyne,
And as they cow'd they made it whryne,
It shaw'd the fell ay one sensyne

The beard was sa baire.

Fra the kummers that crab had with *pluto* contracted

They promiseit as Parents syne for their awn pairt,

A mover of mischief and they might for to make it,

As an imp of all ill most apt for their art,

Nineven as Nourish, to teach it, gart take it

To sail sure in a seif but compass or Cart.

& milk of a hair tedder, though wives suld be wrackt,

And a Kow give a chopin was wont to give a quart,

Many babes and bairns shall bless thy bair bains,

When they have neither Milk nor Meil,

Compell'd for Hunger for to steil.

Then shall they give thee to the deil

Able oftner nor anes.

Be an after midnight their Office was ended,

At that Tyde was nae time for troumpours to tarry.

Syne backward on Horseback bravely they bended
 That cam-nosed cocatrice they quite with them car
 To *Kait of Creif* in a creil soon they gar send it
 Where seven year it sat baith singed and fairie
 The kin of it be the cry incontinent Kend it,
 Syne fetcht food for to feed it forth from the phari
 Ilk elf of them all brought an Almonds house oyste

Indeed it was a dainty dith

A foul flegmatick a fruitome fish,

Instead of sauce on it they pish,

Sick food feed sik a toster.

Syne fra the fathers side finely had fed it,
 Many monks and marmasites came with the mothe
 Black both fall the breist and the belly that bred it.
 Ay offerd they that undought trae one to another.
 where that smatched had siked, sa fair it was to shed
 But believe it began to buckle the Brother,
 In the bark of a bourtree whilom they bed it.
 All talking with their tongues the an to the other,
 With flirring and flyring their physnome they slip
 Some looked lyce in the crown of it keeks,
 Some chops the kids into their cheeks,
 Some in their oxster hard it cleiks
 Like an auld bag-pipe.

with mudgeons and murgeons and moving the brai
 They lay it, they lift it, they louse it, they lace it,
 They grap it, they grip it, it greets and they grane
 They bed it, they baw it, they bind it, they brace it
 It skitred and skarted, they skirl'd ilk ane,
 All the Kye in the Country they skared and chaled

That roaring they wood ran and routed in a reane,
The wild deer frae their den has displaced,
The cry was so ugly of Elfs, Apes and Owles,
That Geese and gaisling cryes and craiks,
In dubs douks down with Duiks and draiks,
All beatts for fear the fields forsakes,
And the Town Tykes yowls.
Nack a mirthless Musick their minstrels did make,
While Ky cast caprels behind with their heels,
Little rent to their tyme the Town let them take,
Our ay tammeist red wood, and ravel'd in their reels
Then the cummers that ye Ken came all macklack,
To conjure that coidyoch with clews in their creels,
Whil all the bunds them about grew blaikned & black
For the din of thir daiblers rais'd all the deils,
To concur in the cause they were come sa far,
For they their god-bairn gifts would give,
To teach the Child to steal and rive,
And ay the langer that it live
The world should be the warr.

Polwarts third Flyting against Montgomery,
Nternal fraward feaming Furies fell
Curst, cankred, craded (*Coltho*) help to quell
On *Caribald*, yon cative execrable,
Provide my pen profoundly to distel
Some dure despite to daunt yon devil of hel
And drive with dool to death detestable
This made malicious monster miserable

An tyke tormented trotting out of toone
 Then runs red wood at ilk mids of the Moon
 Renew your toaring rage and eager ire,
 Inflam'd with fearfull thundring mucs of fire,
 To plague this poytored pykthant, pestilent
 With flying fire flaghts burning bright & *skire*
 Devore yon devilish dragon, I desire,
 And waste his wearied venom violent,
 Conjure this beastly begger impotent,
 Suppress all power of this evil spirit,
 That bids and barks in him as block as jeit,
 But reekie Rocks and Ravens or ye rive him
 Desist delay his death while I describe him
 Sine ripely to his raving rude reply,
 To dreadful dolour dearsly or ye drie him
 Through *Pluteo* power, pleasure to deprive him,
 The Lown may lick his Vomit, and deny
 His shameless sawsse like Satan slavish smy
 whose maners with his mismade members *heir*
 Doth corespond, as plainly doth apeir
 His peiled palat and unpleasant pow,
 They fulsome flocks of flies doit overflow
 With wames & wounds all *blakned* ful of *blaine*
 Out over the neck athort his nitty now,
 Ilk louse lyes linkand like a large lintbow
 That hurts his *harness* & *peirce them to his pains*
 While wit and vertue vanish'd fra the vains
 With scars and scors athort his frozen front
 In rankels run within the stews, all burnt.

His lugs baith lang and leane who cannot lack
 That to the Tron hath tane so many a tack,
 With *blasted bowels*, *bowden* with *bruised blud*
 And hapning haires blown witherluns a back,
 Foot foundred beasts, for tault of food *fu' wear*
 Hes not their hair so snod as other good,
 The bleard back and boistrous to conclude,
 His right trim teeth somewhat in a thraw
 Antopped tuid right teughly for to raw.
 With laidly lips and lyuing side turned out,
 His nose well lit in *Bacchus* blood about,
 His stinking end, corrupted as men wel knaws.
 Contagions cankers carves his *snaking snout*
 His shoven shuders shaves the marks no doubt
 Of tough tail theres tyres and other rawes
 And girds of galeys growand now in gaws.

Swa all his fullsome from thereto effeirs,

The which for filth I will not file your ears,

The second part of Polwarts third syting.

But of his conditions to carp for a while,
 & compt you his qualities, compast with
 Appardon me poets to alter my stile (cair,
 And wisle my Verse for syling the air.

Returning directly again to *Argile*

where last that I left him baith bairfit & bair,

Where rightly I reckoned his race very vile

Descending of Devils as I declare.

But which of the gods will guide me aright

Abhorring so abominable

So dooltul and detestable

So knavish cankered execrable
And wearied a wight.

In *Argile* among the gairs he gaid within glens,
Ay there using Offices of a bruit beast,
whil bleuels was banisht for handling of hens
Syne forward to *Flanders* fast fled or he ceast.
From poor anes pultrie he plucked be the pens
Delighting in thist, the heart of his breast,
And courage enclin'd to Knave'ry men kens,
To pestilent purpose plainly he preist :

But trulie to tell all the truth that unto you
In nowise was he wise
He used both Carts and Dice,
And fled no Kind of Vice,
Or few as I trow.

He was a false chismarick nottoriouslie named
Both whord me and homicide unsel he used,
with al the seven sins the smatched was sham'd
Pride, ire and envy, this undought abused,
For greedy covetousness bitterly blamed,
For baudrie and bordeling uckless he loved;
Trist, trines & drunknes, the dyvor defam'd,
Falle teinzeir, with flyting and flattrie infused
Maist sinful and sensual shame o rehearse,
Whose seckless foolishness
And beastly brukleness
Can no man as I guesse

Well put it into verse;

A warloch, and a warwolf, a vowbet but hair,
A Devil, a Dragon, a dead Dromedarie,

A counterfit custron, that cracks does not c'ir
A clavering cohooby that cracks on the pharie;
Whose favorless phinome doth duely declare
His vices & viciounness, although I wold vary
Arcandam's astrologie, a latern of lair,
Affirms his bleaidness to wilddom contrary,
Betakning baith babling and baldness of age,
Great fraud and foul deceit,
Capp'd with quit conceit,
Wit n'fle some verse he wrate
Half dead in a rage.

His anagame also concerning that case,
Says surelie its a sign of a leacherous lown,
His paleness next partlie with brown i'th' face,
Arcandam ascribes to babling ay bown,
And tratling intemperate, timeleis tur place,
A coward yet cholrick & drunk in each Town
And als his als ears they sing in short sp'ce,
The tantick fool shall grow mad like *Mahom*
But yet shal he live long, which alas wer a lo's
For such a tried traitour,
A babling blasphemator
Was never formed of Nature
So gooked a goose.

Whose Origine noble the Note of his Name,
Cal'd Etymologie bears rightlie record,
His surname doth flow from 2 terms of defame
From *Mont & Gomorah* where deils be th' Lord,
His Kinsmen were clearly cast out to his shame,
That this their clan whom Christ hath abhor'd

Polwart to Montgomerie,
And bears of the birth-place their horrible name
where Sodomite siners with stinking were smother'd
Now sen all is suith that is said of my
Unto that capped Clark
And pretty peice of wark
That bitterly doth bark
I may this reply.

Polwarts last flyting against Montgomerie,
Vile Villain vain, & war then I've tald thee
Thy withered wame is damnified & dried
Beshitten by stour, baldly I forbade thee,
To mel with me, or else thou shuld dear buy it,
The speach but purpose, porter is espyed,
That writs of *witches, warlocks, wraths & wratches*
But invectives against him well detyed, (*bes*
Rob Stein thou raves, *forgeting whom thou maist*
Leave bogles, brownies, gyre carlings & gaisles,
Dastard thou daffs that with such devilry mels
Thy reasons favours of reek, and nothing else,
Then sentences of suit sa sweetly smels, (*'em*
Thou sat so near the chimney nuik that made
Fast by the ingle, amang the oyster shels,
Dreid and my danger durst not wel debar 'em.
Thy tratling truiker, wald gar Tades spew
And carl cats weep vinegar with their eine,
Thou said I borrowed blad's that is not true,
The contrary false smatched shall be seen,
I never had of that making ye mein
A verse in writ, in print, or yet perqueir,
whilk I can prove, & cleanse me wonder cleir,

Though single words no writer can fortieir.
 To prove my speeches probable and plain
 Thou must confess thou used my invention,
 I reckoned first thy race, syne thou again
 In that same sort made of thy master mention,
 Thy wit is weak with me to have dissention,
 For to my speech thou never made reply
 At libertie to lie is thy intention,
 I answer ay which thou cannot deny, (ne,
 Thy friends are fiends, of apes thou feinzies mi
 With my assistance saying all thou can,
 I count such kindred better yet nor thine
 without which thou might have barked waist
 I laid the ground whereon thou best began
 To big the brig whereof thou brags maist.
 Thy lack of judgment may be als perceived,
 Thir twa chief points of reason wants in thee,
 Thou attributs to Aips, where thou has reaved
 The ils of horse, a monstrous sight to see,
 Na marvel though ill won, ill wared be.
 For all these ils thou staw, I am right certain,
 From *Semple's* ditements of a horse did die,
 Of *Porterfield* that dwelt into *Dumbar ou*,
 Among the ils of aips that thou hast tauld,
 Though to a horse pertaining properlie,
 Thou puts the spaven in the forder spauld,
 That useth in the hinder hogh to be,
 Fra horsemen anes thy cunning hear and see
 O fear auld *Alane* get na mair ado.
 Alas poor man he may ly down and die,

Sine thou'succeed to wear the silver shoe.
Farder thou flees with other fowls wings,
O'reclade with clearer colours than thy awn,
But specialy with some of *Temple's* things,
Or of a plucked Goose thou had been knawn
Or like a Cran, in manting loon ov'rthrown,
That must take ay nine steps before she flee.
So in the gout thou might have stand & blown
As long as thou lay gravel'd like to die.
I speak not of thy vicious divisions,
where thou pronounces & yet propone but part
Incumbred with sa manie tryed confusions,
quhilk shaws thy rime but Rhetoric or art,
Thy memorie is short beshrew thy heart,
Telling one thing over twice or thrice at anes
And cannot from a proper place depart.
Except I were to frig thee with whin stanes,
The things I said if that thou would deny,
Meaning to wry the verity with wiles,
Lick where I laid and pickle of that pye,
Thy knavery credence frae the quite exiles,
Thy feckless follie all the air defiles,
I find sa many faults ilk an over another,
First I must tell thee all thy statelie stiles,
And syne bequeath thee to thy birken brother.
Fond fliter, shit thiter, bacon byter, all defil'd
Blunt bleitar, paddock pricker, puding eater perverse
Men plucker, Closet mucker, house cocker very wild,
Tany chiks, thou speaks with thy breiks, foul erse,
Wood tike, hood pike, ay like to live in lack,

flower the pine, scabbed skin, ear in that thou spake,
Gum gade, bald skade, foul fac'd, why flare shou foul;
tel Y u, fil row, thou dow not defend thee.

QuhaKend thy end talle fiend, phantastick mule,

Thief may thy wald crie, fy fy to gar end thee.

Sweir sow, doildKow, av sow, foul sa thy banes,

very wild, defild, av woodilk month anes,

Lary rade, thou's defeat, now debate, if thou dow.

Huch paddle, lick lade, shite saddle, do thy best.

reishie fouter, shoe clourer, minch mouther dare thou

ragge railer, sheepstealer, double dealer, thou's be drest

folle prief, lean thief, mischief fal thy lips.

Beird baird, thy reward is prepar'd for thy hips,

Erse flaker, glyd glaker, room raker for relief.

Lunatic, frenatic, schismatic, swingeour sob.

Turd ec'd, ay chas'd, almaist fyl'd for a thief.

MillicKite, and thou flyte, I'll drite in thy gob,

Turmow, wild sow, soon bow or I wand thee,

Hel' ruik with thy buik, leave the nuik, I comand thee,

Land/owper, light skowper, ragged rowper like a raven

Halland shaker, draght raker banock baker al beskuten

Craig in peril, toom barel, quit the quarel or beshaven

Rud rat'er, common tratler, poor pratler, out flitten,

Hel spark scabbed clark, an thou bark, I shal belt thee,

scad scald, over baid, soon fald, or melt thee.

Lousie lugs, leap jugs, toom the mugs on the midden

Tanny flank, red shank, pikerthank, I must pay thee.

pew bleck, widdie neck, come and beck at my bidden

falle kown make thee bown. Mahom mon have thee.

ank ruitter, icurlic without, and juitter, nane fower

Dearest. opprest. posselt with *Plutoes* power.
 CapedKave.proud slave.ye rave ay unrocked. (wine
 whiles slavrand.whiles revand.whiles waverand with
 gredy goked.poor plucked ill instructed.ye's be knock
 Gley'd gangrel,aul'd mangrel,to the hungrel& sapine
 Calumniator. blasphemator. vile creature untrue
 Thy cheiping & peiping with weeping thou shalt rue
 Mid manter. vain vaunter. ay haunter in slavery
 Pudding pricker,ban the biccer nane quiter in Knarry
 Kaily lips.Kiss my hips. into grips thous be hind.
 Bail brewer poison spewer,mony truer has been pyn'd
 SwinKeeper.land leeper.turd sleeper from the druith
 Lean limmer.steal gimmer.I shal'sKimer i' thy mouth.
 Fle'y'd fool.made mule.die with dool on an aik,
 Knife Kend Christ send ill end an thee now.
 Pu lenwright,out of sight,thous be dight like a draik
 Jo'K blunt.thrawn frunt.Kiss the cunt of the Kow,
 Pusle peiler. hen steiler. cat Killer. now I quel thee
 Rubiator. fornicator by nature, soul befall thee.
 Tykesticker.poisn'd Viccar. pot licker I mon pay thee
 Jo'K blunt,dead runt, I shall punt while I pay thee.
 Tyr'd clatterer, skin batterer. and flatterer of friends.
 wild widdered, misordered confederat with fiends.
 Blind brock,lousie dock,bor'd block,banish'd Towns.
 Hoie thieves face, na grace for that grunzie.
 Beld bisfed, marmissed. lansprezed to thy lowns.
 Dead dring, dry'd string, thou will hing but a sunzie.
 Lick Butter, throat cutter, fish gutter, fill the fetter.
 Com: bleitand & greitand,fast eitand thy lady letter.

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